



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE STORY OF NO-TONGUE.<sup>1</sup> — The first half of the story of No-Tongue, a Mandan tale, appeared in this *Journal* several years ago. This second part completes the tale, all of which was told by James Holding Eagle of the Mandan tribe.

No-Tongue rested in the village, where he came to be one of the most important men, for some years after his marriage to the daughter of the chief. Then he decided to go on a war-party. He chose only a single friend to accompany him. The two were gone from home but a short time when they found an enemy, whom they succeeded in killing, and whom No-Tongue was the first to strike. After this adventure they returned to the village, and ran around among the houses, shouting what they had done. Then No-Tongue was greatly honored by all the people with a general celebration.

After a few months No-Tongue again decided to lead a war-party, and this time he took with him two friends. On this occasion the party met and killed two enemies, and returned in triumph to the village, where they dashed about among the houses, proclaiming a great victory. Again all the people rejoiced and honored No-Tongue. Then he invited all the older people to his lodge, and announced to them that thenceforth his name was No-Tongue, and that all the people should call him by that name. Up to that time his name had been known only to his sister.

No-Tongue now rested for some time in the village; then he announced that he would once more lead a war-party. This time he took with him a large company of warriors; and the party was again successful, killing three of the enemy and capturing their horses, which they took back with them. They arrived within sight of the village early in the morning, and all rushed triumphantly in among the lodges, proclaiming their conquest. No-Tongue, who was now one of the chiefs, was accorded even greater honor and praise than before, and the whole village held a great rejoicing.

After this, No-Tongue remained quietly at home until all the talk and praise over the third exploit had died out. Then he announced a fourth war-party; and all the warriors of the village flocked to join him, for they all remembered his great success on former occasions. The party went forth, and met with good fortune, as before. This time they found and killed four enemies, and captured their horses, which were led back in triumph to the village. No-Tongue was once more received with great rejoicing, and was accorded the principal place in the village by all the people.

Now, the Sun and the Moon had been looking down on the village all this time, and had seen the exploits of No-Tongue, and the honors that were heaped upon him. So, after the return from the fourth war-party, the Sun said to the Moon, "That son of mine must be very fat, with all the praise and honor he has received, and I will eat him."

And the Moon asked, "How will you manage to eat him?"

The Sun replied, "That is easy. I have another brave son. Him I

<sup>1</sup> See this *Journal*, vol. xxvi, p. 331.

shall have come, and he shall defeat and slay this one, whom I shall then eat."

That evening, when it was dark, the Moon came to No-Tongue and informed him of the Sun's plans.

"Now," said the Moon to No-Tongue, "your father, the Sun, wants to eat you, and he is going to have another very brave son of his from the Sioux come and kill you. When the time for the battle arrives, get another warrior to dress exactly like yourself and go forth to meet the Sioux. Then the other warrior will be killed, and the Sun will eat him, thinking that it is you."

Then he told No-Tongue to dress poorly, paint himself white, and follow the disguised warrior into the battle. After the warrior had been slain, No-Tongue was to kill the Sioux and cut his head off at once. Then he must carry the head home to his lodge, and offer it a corn-ball to eat, and a pipe to smoke. After that the head would die, and he might throw it away.

Soon after, the battle took place; and all occurred as the Moon had said, and No-Tongue acted as the Moon had directed. When the battle was over, the Sun and the Moon both went down to hunt among the bodies, where they found both the disguised warrior and the dead Sioux son. The Sun took the dead Mandan to be No-Tongue, but he wondered very much how the brave Sioux had come to be killed. The Moon told the Sun to take No-Tongue and eat him, while the Moon himself took the dead Sioux home. As the Sun picked up the supposed body of No-Tongue, he was greatly surprised. "Oh, say!" he said to the Moon, "this one is too light, this cannot be No-Tongue. He would be fat and heavy."

But the Moon declared that it was No-Tongue. So each went home with his meat, which he cooked and prepared. However, after the Sun had prepared his feast, he found the meat so lean and tough that he could not eat it. Then he went to the Moon's house to get some of his meat; but when he arrived, the Moon had already eaten it all up.

The next morning No-Tongue dressed himself up, and took his place on the roof of his lodge before the Sun was up. So the first thing that his father, the Sun, saw, as he came out of the door of his house, was the figure of No-Tongue.

"It certainly is No-Tongue," he said to the Moon, who had not yet gone down into his own house. As the Sun said this, No-Tongue turned and faced directly toward him, and he cried out, "Yes, it is No-Tongue. I thought he was dead, but here he is, still alive."

"It is all according to your own words," replied the Moon. "You said that nothing could hurt him, so now you see that even you yourself cannot kill him."

"Yes," said the Sun, "but what I said then I did not mean. This time I shall surely eat him."

The Moon inquired how he intended to accomplish the destruction of No-Tongue this time.

"Oh!" answered the Sun, "I have another very brave son among the Cheyennes, and him I shall have come to kill No-Tongue."

That night the Moon once more visited No-Tongue in his lodge, and told him what the Sun was planning. He told No-Tongue that the Sun had decided to have his most beloved Cheyenne son come to kill him;

and that this Cheyenne was very powerful, and could not ordinarily be killed, because his father, the Sun, kept him suspended from above by an invisible cord attached to the top of his head. Through this cord, life and strength continually flowed.

"You must be on your guard," the Moon said, "for he is coming tomorrow. He will be dressed exactly like you, and he will motion toward you, urging you to come and meet him. When he does this, you must advance toward him. As you advance, swing and throw your war-club so that it will go just above his head. In that way you will break the invisible cord and can easily kill him."

The battle took place on the next day; and No-Tongue was in the forefront, dressed in his very best and finest clothing. The Cheyenne appeared on the opposite side, dressed exactly like No-Tongue; and the two at once recognized each other, and advanced to the meeting. No-Tongue followed the Moon's directions, throwing his club as he approached. The aim was true, the cord was broken, and the Cheyenne fell to the ground dead, and was left there, while the rest of the enemy were defeated and dispersed. On his return from the pursuit, No-Tongue cut off the head of the dead Cheyenne, and took it back with him to his lodge. As he was returning, his father, the Sun, came to him, praising him for his bravery, and asked for the head. No-Tongue did not yield to his pleading, however, but only told him to wait a while, and then he should have the head. So No-Tongue went on to his lodge, where he placed some corn-meal in the mouth of the head, and also made it smoke. Then it was really dead, and he took it out and gave it to the Sun.

On receiving the head, the Sun thought that he would bring back his beloved Cheyenne son to life. So he wrapped it up with sage, and worked a long time with it, moving it about, but all in vain.

"I wasted time and waited too long," he thought. "It is no use." Then he went to look for the body of the dead Cheyenne, but the Moon had already taken that and made a feast with it.

In the morning No-Tongue again dressed in his best, and placed himself on the top of his lodge before the Sun came out of his house, so that once again he was the first thing to meet the Sun's eyes as he opened his door. The Sun was now very angry; and once more he talked to the Moon, saying that now he would surely have No-Tongue killed. The Moon asked him how he would attempt it this time.

"I shall have Big-Voice kill him, and he cannot escape," answered the Sun.

The Moon inquired who Big-Voice was, and the Sun replied that Big-Voice was the Thunder-Bird.

That night once again the Moon secretly visited No-Tongue, and told him of the Sun's latest plans. He told No-Tongue that he must get another friend to dress in his clothes and sleep in his bed that very night, while he himself must go into some obscure old woman's lodge and conceal himself in a corner under a pile of blankets.

As soon as the Moon had gone, No-Tongue found a friend to dress in his clothes and sleep in his bed, while he himself hid as the Moon had directed. He had been hidden only a little while, when the rain started, and soon after that there was a great clap of thunder. Then No-Tongue knew that the Thunder-Bird had killed his friend.

After the rain was all over, No-Tongue returned to his own lodge, where he found the dead body of his friend. He prepared the body for burial in a very fine way, and dressed it in his own clothes; then he told all the people to go out to the burial-scaffold with it, and make a great mourning.

Soon after, when the Sun came forth from his lodge, he looked toward the village, and saw the finely dressed body on the scaffold, and the great crowd of people about it mourning, and he thought surely that it was No-Tongue. So he came down and took the body, and once more prepared for a feast; but when it was prepared and he started to eat, he found that he had a very lean and tough morsel, and he said to himself that No-Tongue must have changed greatly.

When the Sun came forth again on the following morning, his eyes once more lighted on the figure of No-Tongue, finely dressed, and posed upon the top of his lodge, and he saw that he had once more been tricked.

Toward evening the Sun and the Moon met again, and the Sun related how No-Tongue had fooled him this time. He told the Moon that none of his helpers had succeeded in killing No-Tongue, and that he had finally decided to take the matter into his own hands and dispose of No-Tongue himself.

The Moon argued with the Sun, and told him that the failures had all been the Sun's own fault, that he had promised No-Tongue a long and prosperous life, and that now he was trying to break his own promises. But the Sun remained firm in his decision, and the Moon then asked him how he intended to overcome No-Tongue.

The Sun replied that he would turn himself into a huge buffalo-bull with its sides a solid mass of bone where the ribs usually are, and that he would then go into the village and chase No-Tongue until he caught him.

The Moon again sought out No-Tongue in the night, and told him that the Sun himself would try to kill him on the morrow, and he told No-Tongue what the Sun had said. Then he added that there would be only one way to kill the great bull, and that would be to shoot him in the neck near the collar-bone.

After the Moon left, No-Tongue began to lay his plans for the coming combat, which he knew would be the most severe test of all. A little way outside the village there was a ditch or wash-out just narrow enough for one to jump over it in a very long jump. No-Tongue got the Kill-Deer, who makes the boggy water-holes, to come and make a soft muddy spot just beyond the far side of the ditch, at a spot that No-Tongue had selected.

Early the next morning a huge buffalo-bull wandered into the village, and began running about among the houses. The men swarmed out of the lodges, and commenced to shoot arrows at the bull; but they seemed able neither to harm it nor to drive it away. After a time No-Tongue, for whom, of course, the bull had been searching, appeared, but kept at a distance from the bull. Then the bull pretended to be lame in order to draw No-Tongue closer, but he was not deceived. Gradually No-Tongue worked toward the side of the village near which was the wash-out, allowing the bull slowly to get closer to him. Then he started to run, and the bull followed at full speed. No-Tongue made directly for the ditch at the spot selected, and leaped it, evading by a sudden turn the mud-hole on the farther side.

The bull, in its mad pursuit, leaped the ditch also, but did not see the muddy place, and landed full in the centre of it, where he was soon mired down and helpless. Then No-Tongue came up close and shot the bull in the neck near the collar-bone, one arrow on each side.

When the bull was dead, all the people gathered, and wanted to cut it up and eat it, and No-Tongue had difficulty in persuading them not to do so; but he told them that it was not a real bull, but a great spirit, and that it would be very dangerous for all of them if it were cut up. Then he told them all to bring large bundles of brush and dry sticks, and to heap them upon and around the dead bull.

When a great pile had been built up and the bull was completely hidden, No-Tongue set fire to the brush, which made a big fire and a tremendous smoke, under cover of which the Sun escaped from the body of the bull, and returned to the sky.

That evening the Sun and the Moon met as usual, and the Sun told how he had failed to kill No-Tongue, and what a narrow escape he had had. He added that he had finally decided to let No-Tongue live, and to molest him no further, but to keep his first promise. So now No-Tongue lived a contented and quiet life in the village; for by this time he had grown past the age of a warrior, and was becoming old and losing his strength.

One day a long hunt was decided upon in the village, and all of the people were to go. After careful preparations, they started out, and with them went the old man No-Tongue. No-Tongue, however, was not very strong; and he travelled along slowly, so that he was soon left by himself, walking along far in the rear. After a time the trail came to a high hill; and when No-Tongue reached the foot of this hill, he sat down on a large stone near by. Then he took out his pipe, filled it, and was ready for a smoke. As he began to puff on his pipe, two men approached, and seated themselves one on either side of him upon the large stone.

No-Tongue recognized the two men as his two fathers, the Sun and the Moon, and he greeted them. Then they all three smoked in turn, and discussed the past life of No-Tongue. The Sun declared that he had fulfilled his promises, and made No-Tongue a great warrior with much honor and glory, and had brought him to a full and prosperous old age. Then the Moon told of all his part in helping No-Tongue toward success and honor, and he told how the Sun had tried to break his promises.

The three sat for a long time, talking and smoking, and then the Sun and Moon prepared to go. Just as the Sun was getting up from his seat at the left side of No-Tongue, he thrust the point of his elbow against No-Tongue's breast, penetrating the ribs and the heart, so that he fell over dead.

"He is dead," said the Sun. "It is better so, for he is now old and losing his strength. It is better not to live too long."

And the Sun and Moon went away.

GEORGE F. WILL.

BISMARCK, N. DAK.

TWO CHEYENNE STORIES.—The following relations were obtained at the summer encampment of the Southern Cheyenne in 1913 from Felix Roman-Nose. Felix is about thirty-five years old, I suppose, and son of the late chief and medicine-man, Roman-Nose-Thunder. He speaks English